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# Daisy Garland's Fortune.

(COMEDY DRAMA.)

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DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE  
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# Daisy ✕ Garland's

## ✧ Fortune. ✧

A SENSATIONAL COMEDY DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS,

— BY —

Edwin A. Davis.

— X —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS  
— ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF  
THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE  
WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— X —

*Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1894, by*  
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✓ — CLYDE, OHIO: —

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57414-Z<sup>1</sup>

CASE OF CHARACTERS

DAISY GARLAND,.....*Scoubrette lead.*  
 MARY GARLAND,.....*Juvenile.*  
 MABEL,.....*Child.*  
 SARAH GARLAND,.....*Straight old woman.*  
 OLD MEG,.....*Character, Hag.*  
 MARK BAYBROOK.....*Genteel heavy.*  
 BOBBY DANIELS,.....*Light Comedy lead.*  
 JACK DAGGARD,.....*Character heavy.*  
 PHILIP GARLAND,.....*Straight old man.*  
 POLICEMAN.....

SUPERS, ETC.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING -1½ HOUR.

—X—

COSTUMES.

DAISY.—Act 1st: Short soubrette dress of any kind, bright color. Act 2nd; Gingham or calico dress, straw hat. Act 3d: Street dress. Act 4th; Old torn pants and shirt, vest, shoes and hat, no coat, red crop wig, dirty faced. Act 5th; Police uniform and cap, black or brown wig.

BOBBY.—Act 1st. Straw hat, yachting suit. Acts 2nd and 3d; Cutaway coat, light trousers and vest. Act 4th; Old pants and overcoat, black beard and slouch hat, hump back ed. Act 5th; Light suit, derby hat.

MARK.—Act 1st: Black cutaway suit. Act 3d; Black beard, slouch hat, Prince Albert suit. Act 4th; Business suit. Act 5th; Same as Act 1st.

JACK DAGGARD.—Ragged clothes throughout, except last Act, when he dresses up a little neater.

PHILIP. White dress wig and moustache, glasses. black Prince Albert suit throughout. He is a trifle hard of hearing.

MARY.—Act 1st: Black dress and widows bonnet and veil. Act 2d; Calico dress. Act 3d: Grey dress. Act 5th; Same as Act 1st.

SARAH.—White or grey dress wig, spectacles, black dress throughout.

OLD MEG.—Grey wig, teeth cut in front, band and handkerchief on head, pipe always in mouth, ragged dress and shoes.

OFFICER.—Police uniform.

—X—

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Curtains f r c. d., picture and easel, small table with lighted lamp, center table with fancy cover, decanter of wine, plate of cake and tap bell on table. Police Gazette ready, r, s e., carpet, chair and sofa.

ACT II.—Kitchen table, chair, washtub, fireplace, broom against flat, kneeding board with large piece of dough on table, pan with knife and fork on table, also plate of potatoes and onion peelings on table. Small basket with potatoes, onions flour and stiek of candy ready outside for Daisy. Iron soup pot, kindling wood outside of window.

ACT III.—Chairs and tables, Japanese lanterns about stage, two revolvers, one bowie knife, etc. Picket fence across stage in 4th Groove.

ACT IV.—Old boxes and barrels, kitchen table with candle in bottle, old barrel r., l e., revolver.

ACT V.—Same set as Act 1st. Messenger call on c. d.; small package for Daisy; coat, hat and valise for Mark; Police Gazette, bowie knife.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.  
 \* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# Daisy Garland's Fortune.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Handsomely furnished room—PHILIP discovered striking tap bell viciously—lunch on table.*

*Philip.* Oh! dear, oh! dear, here I've been ringing this bell for the last half hour, and can't get anyone to answer me.

*Enter, SARAH, C. D.*

*Sarah.* Philip, Philip, what's the matter?

*Philip.* Eh!

*Sarah.* What's the matter?

*Philip.* Well, you see I haven't seen my little bright eyes for some time. I'm lonesome and want someone to talk to me. I wish our son hadn't made Mark Baybrook guardian over our darling.

*Sarah.* Oh! Mr. Baybrook is all right.

*Philip.* Eh!

*Sarah.* I said, Mr. Baybrook is all right, or John wouldn't have placed so much confidence in him.

*Phil.* Well, I suppose so, I suppose so.

*Enter, MARK, R., 3 E.*

*Mark.* Mrs. Garland, where is Daisy?

*Sarah.* She went out about a half hour ago.

*(sitting on chair, L. of table)*

*Mark.* *(sitting on sofa)* I shall be glad when these holidays are over and she returns to school, she seems to be running wild like a boy.

*Phil.* When I was a boy, I was a dandy.

*Sarah.* Philip!

*Phil.* Well, you used to think so.

*(DAISY laughs outside—PHILIP sits R. of table)*

*Sarah.* Here she comes now.

*Mark.* And she takes precious good care to let us all know it.

*Enter, DAISY, C. D.—rushes in and puts arms around PHILIP'S neck.*

*Daisy.* Oh! grandpa, we had such a good time. I've just been running a foot race.

*Phil.* Eh!

*Daisy.* A foot race.

*Phil.* Did you win?

*Daisy.* Well, I should trot!

*Mark.* Daisy!

*Daisy.* Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Baybrook, I did not know you were here.

*Mark.* You should conduct yourself more like a young lady; it's not becoming in you to be running wild like a boy.

*Daisy.* I know it, Mr. Baybrook, but you'r always finding fault with me. You want a girl to come in the room as if she were afraid of soiling the carpets, and say, "good morning folks, it's a nice day," and go over in the corner and twirl her thumbs. O! I shaw, that's nonsense. (up to C. D.)

*Sarah.* Daisy, you are getting to be just like a Tomboy.

*Daisy.* (c.) I know it, grandma, and I glory in it. I have your milk and water girls. I love to ride fast horses, to run races and feel my breath come and go, as the noble animal gallops over the field, and clears a five barred gate. *(business)* I can play base ball, foot ball, out run or out jump any boy in the neighborhood. Swing clubs, use dumb bells, and as for boxing; just gaze on that muscle. (holds out arm)

*Where business is marked, DAISY makes jesture of horse jumping over gate, and narrowly misses PHILIP'S nose, who ducks to avoid being hit.*

*Mark.* Daisy, I believe you do these things simply to annoy me.

*Daisy.* Oh! no, I don't wish to annoy you, Mr. Baybrook, but you are so cross. When you first came here, I tried to like you because you were my poor dead father's friend.

*Mark.* I should think you would look upon me more as a father.

*Daisy.* So I might, if you were a little more like other people. Smile once in a while, say pleasant things and don't look so solemn. Why, Mr. Baybrook, I never saw you laugh, or even smiie. I don't believe you know how. Do you, grandpa?

(arms around PHILIP)

*Mark.* I'm going down town now. Should anyone call during my absence, tell them I will return in half an hour. *(at C. D.—aside)* Curse that girl, I wish she were out of the way.

(exit, C. D.)

*Sarah.* Daisy, how can you talk so?

*Daisy.* I don't care, grandma, he's an ugly old bear, and if my rather had known how cross he would be to me, he would never have left me in his care, but don't mind him now. I've such a story to tell you.

*Sarah.* Have you dear, what is it?

*Phil.* Eh!

*Sarah.* Philip, do keep out of the way.

(all in c.)

*Daisy.* Well, as I was coming home this morning, I found the sweetest little girl sitting on the doorstep crying. I asked her what the matter was, and she said she was lost and wanted her

mamma.

*Phil.* Eh!

*Daisy.* (*loud*) She was lost and wanted her mamma.

*Phil.* Oh! she couldn't go far.

*Daisy.* So I brought her home with me, and told her she might stay until we found her friends.

*Sarah.* Good gracious child! do you want to make a foundling home out of this house.

*Daisy.* (*teasing*) Oh! now grandma, don't be angry with me. I knew if you saw her, you couldn't help loving her, she's such a sweet little thing.

*Sarah.* Well, where is she now.

*Daisy.* Down stairs, I took her i to the kitchen so Mr. Baybrook wouldn't see her. May I bring her up?

*Sarah.* Up into this room—no indeed. (*turns her back*)

*Daisy.* Oh! yes, grandma, please.

*Sarah.* (*c., with back to DAISY*) No indeed!

*Phil.* (*L. corner*) And I say she shall come up.

*Sarah.* Well, I suppose if you say she shall come up, why then she will come up.

*Daisy.* Oh! grandma, you dear good old soul, give me a kiss. (*crossing*) Oh! no I haven't got time. You kiss her for me, grandpa. (*grabs PHILIP by arm, throws him c., and exit, L., I E.*)

*Phil.* Yes, I'll kiss her. There she goes the dear little thing, and she's just as good as she is pretty.

*Sarah.* Yes, and for the life of me, I can't refuse her anything she asks.

*Enter, DAISY, L., I E., with child.*

*Daisy.* Here's the little darling, grandma, isn't she sweet?

*Sarah.* Yes, dear, but she looks frightened to death.

*Daisy.* But she isn't frightened, are you dear?

*Child.* No!

*Daisy.* She says she let go her mother's hand in the crowd and lost her. Grandma, she hasn't had anything to eat. Don't you suppose you could find something nice for her in the cupboard.

*Sarah.* Well, I'll try. Come along Philip, come along.

(*exit, C. D.*)

*Phil.* It's always, come along, Philip, come along. (*goes up to C. D., looks out doors, R. and L., then comes down c. to DAISY and whispers very mysteriously*) I say Daisy, did you get it?

*Daisy.* Get what?

*Phil.* You know.

*Daisy.* Oh! yes I know, wait and I'll bring it to you.

(*goes to door R., gets "Police Gazette" and gives it to PHILIP*)

*Phil.* (*coming c. and looking at paper*) You see dear, I take a great interest in politics, and always like to read the best authority.

*Enter, SARAH, C. D.*

*Sarah.* (*aside*) I wonder what that old fool is doing now. (*comes down and looks over his shoulder—aloud*) The Police Gazette! (*strikes paper out of his hand*) Come here to me, sir! (*takes him by the ear up to C. D.*) Do you know what I am going to do with you? I'm going to put you to bed without your sup-

## DAISY GARLAND'S FORTUNE.

per. Come little girl.

(*exit, both with child, L. E.*)

*Daisy.* Poor old grandpa, dear old sinner; it's funny what an interest he takes in the Police Gazette. I must put it away now before grandma gets back. (*picks up paper*) Oh! dear, I hope she won't hurry, because I'm expecting my Bobby, Bobby is such a sweet little fellow. I think he's outside now, I'll soon find out, I told him I'd sing if the coast was clear.

(*sings a verse of some popular song*)

*Enter, SARAH, L. E., with child.*

*Sarah.* Daisy, I wish you would look after the little one, as I have my marketing to attend to. You can amuse her some way I am sure.

(*exit, C. D.*)

*Daisy.* All right grandma. Now dear, come and sit on my lap, (*takes child on her lap and sits R. of table*) and first of all, tell me what your name is.

*Child.* Mabel.

*Daisy.* Oh! Mabel is such a pretty name. Now, I'm going to tell you all about my Bobby.

*Enter, BOBBY, C. D. and overhears following conversation, acts very pleased, rubs his hands, smiles, etc.*

He's the sweetest little fellow in all the world; he's my beau, and we might get married if he'd only ask me, but he never will, because he's a fool. (*BOBBY disgusted and exit, C. D. quickly*) But come along Mabel, and I'll find something nice for you to play with.

(*exit, L., L. E., with child*)

*Enter, BOBBY, C. D.*

*Bobby.* So Bobby, you're a fool are you, well that's nice, I like that. I've tried to propose to that girl 999 times, and never got to it, every time she goes out of the house, it seems as if all my friends were far, far away. Next time I see that girl, I'll propose to her in a rhyme, something like this. (*R. corner*) "Daisy, Daisy, you'll drive me crazy, will you a ring wear and my lot share." If that don't catch her, I'll tear my hair.

*Enter, DAISY, and standing at C. D.*

*Daisy.* (*aside*) Ah! there's my Bobby now.

*Bob.* I love that girl to distraction.

*Daisy.* (*aside*) And he's talking about me.

*Bob.* She has such eyes.

*Daisy.* (*aside*) Oh! isn't that nice.

*Bob.* And such teeth.

*Daisy.* (*aside*) Isn't that lovely.

*Bob.* If she were here now, I'd go right up to her and say—

(*goes C., and sees her*)

*Daisy.* Hello! Bobby.

*Bob.* (*aside*) I'd better spring it on her now before it gets cold. (*aloud*) "Daisy, Daisy, you'll drive me crazy, will you a ring wear and my lot share."

*Daisy.* Oh! Bobby you give me a pain right there.

(*holding hand on stomach*)



*Bob.* Oh! Lord, that settles it.

*Daisy.* What's the matter?

*Bob.* Nothing, I'll be all right in a minute.

*Daisy.* Oh! Bobby, I've got something to tell you.

*Bob.* You just told me something.

*Daisy.* But this is something nice. Mr. Baybrook saw you passing by the house this morning.

*Bob.* Yes.

*Daisy.* He says your'r awful nice.

*Bob.* Eh! eh!

*Daisy.* He likes you, says you are a nice young man.

*Bob.* Yes, yes.

*Daisy.* And he says the next time you are passing by the house—

*Bob.* Well—

*Daisy.* He would be pleased to see you—passing—by—the house.

*Bob.* What's his objection to me. I'm sure I'm a nice young man.

*Daisy.* I know it Bob., but he says my husband must be a man—and he's awfully down on dudes.

*Bob.* Look here Daisy, do I look like a dude?

*Daisy.* And Bob., he says my husband must have lots of money.

*Bob.* Well, I've got lots of—

*Daisy.* Money, Bob?

*Bob.* No gall—but wait until I complete my book on the manly art of self defence, and we will have more money than some people have hay. (*sits at table*) Hello! a lunch, eh! (*eats*

*Daisy.* Bob., that's Mr. Baybrook's lunch.

*Bob.* Sorry for Baybrook.

*Daisy.* But Bob., that food is all poisoned.

*Bob.* Glad of it. I'll have all my food poisoned after this.

*Daisy.* Bob., will you leave that table.

*Bob.* Yes, that's about all I will leave though.

*Daisy.* Bob, will you put that wine down.

*Bob.* (*drinking*) Don't you see me putting it down?

*Daisy.* See here Bobby Daniels, I don't want you coming around here any more, you are always getting me into trouble.

(*goes R., crying*)

*Bob.* There, there, I didn't mean to get you into trouble. (*puts his arm around her neck*) There you are.

*Daisy.* Say Bob., how did you get into the house; Mr. Baybrook left the dog on the outside.

*Bob.* Well, you see. I managed to get over the garden wall, he gave a jump into the air, (*imitation*) gave a snap and a snarl, grabbed me by the—the—the anatomy—and then—

*Daisy.* And then, Bob—

*Bob.* Then the dog died, and that's the last I ever saw of him.

*Enter, MARK, C. D.*

*Mark.* What are you doing here?

*Bob.* I just came here to see Daisy.

*Daisy.* Yes, he just came here to see me.

*Mark.* You need not come here to see her any more.

*Daisy.* (*aside*) Ugly old bear.

## DAISY GARLAND'S FORTUNE.

(BOB. goes to C. D. making motions for DAISY to come)

Mark. Daisy, I thought I told you not to receive the attentions of that young man any more.

Daisy. I'm sure he's a nice young man.

Mark. That may be, but I don't want him to come here again.

Daisy. (aside) Ugly old bear.

(goes to C. D., BOBBY and DAISY link arms and exit, whistling)

Mark. Curse that girl, she is coming to an age when she is likely to ask questions, which I should not care to answer. As for her step-mother and that fool Jack Daggard, whom I left in Australia, I have nothing to fear from them, for the ocean still rolls between us. (exit, C. D.)

Enter, PHILIP, C. D., sits down to read.

Sarah. (outside) Philip! Philip!

Phil. Yes, my love coming, coming.

(exit, C. D.)

Enter, DAGGARD, C. D.

Jack. (sits at table, L.) Hello! what's this, a lunch, they must have been expecting me. I'd dally with the lunch awhile. (cats) So Mark Baybrook, you gave me the slip, did you. Well, I'm satisfied if you are, for you only have to pay me the heavier when I do find you. It's been hard lines for me since you left me, with all those promises on your oily tongue, for that Garland job in the diggings of Australia. That night you forged documents, making the entire Garland estate over to yourself for a debt. You tore up the original documents and handed them to me to put in the fire, but I knew a trick worth two of that; I saved the pieces, stuck them together, and here they are. (producing paper from pocket) And now when I do find him, for find him I will, if I tramp this world over, he will pay me my price, or swing for murder.

Daisy. (outside) All right, grandma!

Jack. Somebody moving, time for me to be moving too.

(starts for C. D.)

Enter, DAISY, C. D.

Daisy. What are you doing here?

Jack. Stand out of my way and let me pass.

Daisy. Not until you tell me what you want here.

Jack. Curse you girl, stand out of my way and let me pass. (DAISY strikes him full in face with clinched fist, as he tries to get out C. D.) Oh! she's got a fist like a sledge hammer.

(takes R. corner)

Enter, C. D. MARK, PHILIP and SARAH, with lamp.

Mark. What's the meaning of all this confusion?

Phil. Send for the police! send for the police! Who knows we might have all been murdered in our beds.

Sarah. He's a tramp, sure, send for the police!

Mark. Send for the police by all means!

Jack. I wouldn't send for the police if I were you, Mark Baybrook. (grabs his arm on last two words—music, chord)

*Mark.* (*aside*) Daggard! (*aloud*) Leave me alone with this nan, I will attend to him myself.

*Exit, SARAH, PHILIP and DAISY, C. D., all saying, "lock him up" until exit.*

*Mark.* So you have found me at last, eh! (*sits L. of table*)

*Jack.* (*sits R. of table*) Quite an accident, wasn't it, old pard?

*Mark.* Well, what do you want?

*Jack.* Money.

*Mark.* How much?

*Jack.* Well, that depends—

*Mark.* On what?

*Jack.* On what my silence is worth, (*looking around, still seated*) and judging from your position and surroundings, it must be worth something handsome.

*Mark.* You're a fool!

*Jack.* You're a rogue!

*Mark.* (*rising quickly*) What!

*Jack.* Come, come sit down now, we understand each other. (*MARK resumes seat*) You left me at the diggings in Australia that night without a penny. Your flight left me open to suspicion. I came near being lynched, (*sneering*) and with my weak constitution I never should have recovered. Be that as it may, I boarded a ship, worked my passage to this country. Fortune has favored me in finding you, and here I am, pard, (*feet on table*) ready for business.

*Mark.* You want money, eh? Well, you shall have it. I'll give you \$500.

*Jack.* And a check for \$2000 more.

*Mark.* Are you mad?

*Jack.* No, but I'm poor, awfully poor, and the public is down on tramps.

*Mark.* Suppose I refuse to give you a penny.

*Jack.* Then I'll tell all I know.

*Mark.* Well, what do you know?

*Jack.* (*rising and striking fist on table*) Enough to hang you, Mark Baybrook.

*Mark.* But you have no proof.

*Jack.* Perhaps I can find some one to prove what I say.

*Mark.* Who?

*Jack.* The widow of the late John Garland.

*Mark.* Pshaw! she is a thousand miles away from here, and too poor to even reach this country.

*Jack.* Wrong again, Govenor, for after you left, the boys chipped together and gave her money enough to pay her fare to this country, in search of the daughter of her late husband, and she will find her sure.

*Mark.* Then why has she not been here before?

*Jack.* Because she took sick and was sent to the hospital.

*Mark.* (*laughs*) A clever story, Daggard, a very clever story, but it don't go down. (*rises*) I see through your little scheme and laugh at your threats. (*crossing to R. corner*) Do your worst, I defy you.

*Jack.* (*rising and going to C. D.*) You do, eh! then you look

out for an explosion.

(*music, chord*)

*Enter, DAISY, C. D.*

I beg pardon, Miss, I humbly beg your pardon, but the boss here was telling me you were the daughter of the late John Garland, who was killed at the gold diggings in Australia.

*Daisy.* Did you know my poor father?

*Jack.* Well, I should say so. Me and Mr. Baybrook knew him well, didn't we Govenor. I suppose you know how he was killed?

*Daisy.* Yes, he was about to go down in the mine, when the rope broke.

*Jack.* Well, no Miss, that wasn't exactly the way it happened, was it Govenor. You see, your father had some very valuable papers down in the mine that he was very anxious about, so he started down as usual one morning, to get them, but while he was half way down Miss, the rope was cut by—

*During this speech, DAISY turns away to hide her emotion—DAGGARD goes to MARK and grabs his arm on last word.*

*Mark.* (*aside to DAGGARD*) I accept your terms.

*Jack.* By some of the machinery, Miss, and that's the way it all happened. (*aside to MARK*) Now then to protect ourselves in case the mother turns up. (*aloud*) What I wanted to tell you, Miss, was this: There was a poor woman living at the mines, whom your father was very fond of. In fact, everyone thought he would marry her some day, but it wasn't to be, Miss. Alas it wasn't to be.

*Daisy.* Did she love him?

*Jack.* Well, I should say so. Why, when he was killed, she threw herself on his dead body and cried as if her heart would break, she called him her John, her husband. Why, Miss, the poor woman went crazy, and to this day she believes herself to be—

*Mary.* (*heard outside*) Mrs. Mary Garland.

*Enter, MARY and OFFICER, C. D., she is very pale.*

*Jack.* The very woman.

*Daisy.* (*bringing her down to chair, L. of table*) You are ill, come and sit down.

*Mary.* Thanks, I have only left the hospital to-day, and I've lost my little one in the crowd. This officer kindly conducted me here. I hope I have not made a mistake.

*Daisy.* Oh! no, we have your little girl, wait a moment and I will bring her to you. (*exit, R. E.*)

*Re-enter, DAISY, R. E., with child.*

Here is your baby.

*Mary.* (*embracing child*) My darling, my darling.

*Jack.* (*aside to MARK*) Get her out of here Govenor, quick.

*Mary.* I am a widow, my husband was killed in the mines of Australia; cruel, cruel fate.

*Jack.* (*aside*) Put her out, Govenor, quick.

*Mark.* (*crossing to MARY*) And now, Madam, that you have found your little one, I must ask you to depart.

*Mary.* (starts) I know that voice, who is this man?

*Daisy.* Mr. Mark Baybrook, my guardian.

*Mary.* And you—

*Daisy.* Daisy—Daisy Garland.

*Mary.* Then your father was my husband.

*Mark.* Enough of this tom foolery. Daisy, return to your room, and as for you Madam, I must ask you to leave my house.  
(goes to C. D.)

*Mary.* Mark Baybrook, who made you master here in this house.

*Jack.* (to DAISY) Don't mind her, Miss, she is the poor woman I was telling you about, she's crazy.

*Mary.* You here too, Jack Daggard? (to DAISY) Now I know there is some devilry on foot.

*Jack.* Didn't I tell you Miss, she was mad.

*During following speech, JACK cringes slowly to corner, and MARY follows him foot by foot.*

*Mary.* Mad! Do you remember the day you were pursued by the angry mob, thirsting for your blood, it was at my cabin door you fell, it was my entreaties that stayed the hand of Judge Lynch. Is this your return, do you dare call me mad?

*Jack.* Well, I shall say so!

*Mary.* (turning to MARK) And you Mark, do you dare?

*Mark.* (coming down) Enough of this, I'll hear no more.

*Daisy.* (crossing to MARK) Oh! yes you will.

*Mark.* Daisy, how dare you interfere, you have no right.

*Daisy.* Then for once, I'll take the right. I don't know who speaks the truth, but I do know, I won't stand by and see two cowardly curs swear down a helpless woman, without taking a hand. Look here, Mark Baybrook, you have been playing the bully around here just about long enough, now if you want to bully anyone, just try your hand on me. (fighting position)

*Mark.* Officer, arrest that woman!

OFFICER starts for MRS. GARLAND—DAISY swings her around L. with child, embracing MRS. GARLAND with one arm—DAGGARD R. corner—OFFICER at C. D.—BAYBROOK, C.

*Daisy.* Stand back! In the name of my dead father, I forbid you to touch her.

## CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—MARY discovered seated L. of table—child sweeping.

*Mary.* What are you doing, Mabel? Oh! helping Daisy, eh!

*Enter, DAISY, D. F., with basket, hangs hat on wing, R., 3 E.*

*Daisy.* Oh! mother, crying again, eh?

*Mary.* No Daisy, I'm not crying.

*Daisy.* Oh! yes you are, for I see a little bit of a cry right on

the end of your nose. You promised me you wouldn't cry any more. Now see what I've brought home. (*at basket*) You know I only had thirty cents. Here's the potatoes and onions, flour and a stick of candy for my little sister. Darling, open your mouth and shut your eyes; there you are. Just wait until we get possession of what belongs to us, and she can have lots of candy. Can't she mother?

*Mary.* Ah! Daisy, I'm afraid you are too hopeful. Mark Baybrook is a desperate man.

*Daisy.* Yes, but if we could only bribe Daggard over on our side, we'd make it mighty hot for Mark Baybrook.

*Mary.* Those men have been linked in crime too long, to allow two such helpless women as we are, to balk them. Why, Daisy, we haven't a friend in the world.

*Daisy.* Oh! don't say that mother, you know we have one true friend.

*Mary.* You mean—

*Daisy.* I mean Bob., mother. He's gone to see the Manager of the Roof Garden, to see if he won't give us some work, to sing or anything like that. He said he would be back in time to take dinner with us.

*Enter, BOBBY, D. F., hangs hat R., 3 E.*

*Bob.* And here I am as full of news as a Christmas turkey is of stuffing, and ready to eat you out of house and home.

*Daisy.* Is it good or bad news, Bob?

*Bob.* Good! I saw the Manager of the Roof Garden, and we open to-night.

*Daisy.* Oh! you darling. (*embraces him, BOBBY points to MARY and says, "sh—sh—sh"*) Mother, you must be awfully tired.

*Bob.* Yes, mother, you must be awfully tired.

*Daisy.* If I were you, I'd take Mabel and go and lie down for an hour or so.

*Bob.* Yes, five or six hours, or so.

*Daisy.* We will get the dinner, won't we Bob?

*Bob.* Oh! yes, we will get the dinner. (*as MARY and child go to exit, L., 3 E., DAISY kisses child*) Oh! for one of those kisses.

*Daisy.* Now Bob., you must help me get the dinner.

*Bob.* All right, what shall I do first?

*Daisy.* First of all, get some wood, the fire in the stove has gone down.

*Bob.* (*going to door*) That's more than the fire in my heart has.

*Daisy.* Oh! Bob., there isn't enough fire in you to make a cinder.

*Bob.* Oh! Lord, now I'm ashes.

*(exit, D. F., and stands in front of window for wood*

*Daisy.* (*at table, paring potatoes*) Poor Bob., I just worry that boy to death. He has tried to propose to me a thousand times, and he gets so rattled, he always winds up by making some idiotic remark about the weather.

*(throws peeling out of window on BOBBY*

*Bob.* (*at window*) Wow—wow—wo—w. Say, Daisy, do you take me for a swill barrel?

*Daisy.* Oh! were you there, Bob?

*Enter, BOBBY, {D. F., with armful of wood.*

*Bob.* "Was I there, Bob," well, I should say I was there, Bob. What shall I do with this wood?

*Daisy.* Oh! just put it anywhere. (*BOBBY acting uneasy, puts wood in soup pot*) Oh! Bobby Daniels, you've put that wood right in the soup!

*Bob.* Oh! I am a dandy in the kitchen. What shall I do next, Daisy?

*Daisy.* Well, you can peel this onion, if you think you know how.

*DAISY behind table, BOBBY sitting on table in front, peeling onion, crying business from onion.*

*Bob.* I say, Daisy, one thing that puzzles me, is how Mark Baybrook got possession of your father's property, not by any fair means, I'll swear.

*Daisy.* Bob, there's a weak spot some where.

*Bob.* Ouch! I've found it.

*Daisy.* Found what?

*Bob.* (*picking fork out of back of pants where he has sat on it, and throws fork on floor*) That weak spot you were talking about. (*BOBBY goes to L. corner—DAISY takes seat R. of table, paring potatoes, has her back to him and does not turn till she gets cue to speak—aside*) I'll propose to her this time if it kills me. (*goes to table, sits L., and unconsciously gets hands on big piece of dough—this scene must be played ad libitum—he is talking all the time like a nervous man trying to propose, stretches dough from one hand to the other, unconsciously lays it against side of face, etc., finally discovers what he is doing*) Dam that dough! (*throws it on floor*) I never do a thing unless I put my foot right in it.

*(puts foot in dough unconsciously)*

*Daisy.* (*jumping up*) Oh! where's my dough? I can't find it anywhere. (*while her back is turned, BOBBY puts it on table*)

*Bob.* Oh! here's your dough.

*Daisy.* (*brushing dirt off of it*) Funny looking dough, ain't it Bob?

*Bob.* Yes, it is kind of queer looking. What a e you going to do with it?

*Daisy.* I'm going to make a nice home made loaf for you.

*Bob.* Oh—oh—I'm—just—as much—obliged, but you see—well, er—the fact is I never eat home made bread. (*aside*) Now to get rejected. (*aloud*) I say, Daisy, will you—er—that is—well—don't you think—well, will you marry me?

*Daisy.* It took you a long time to say it, Bob.

*Bob.* About a year and a half. I hope you won't be as long in answering.

*Daisy.* No, Bob.

*Bob.* And your answer is—

*Daisy.* With all my heart. (*they embrace*)

*Bob.* But don't forget we open at the Garden to-night.

*MARY rushing in L., 3 E.*

*Mary.* Daisy, oh! Daisy, my child is gone.

Bob. }  
Daisy. } Gone, gone where?

Mary. I was sitting by the window in the next room fast asleep, when some one reached in through the window, grabbed the child and away they drove.

Bob. This is some of Mark Baybrook's work.

Daisy. Bob, get me my hat. Mark Baybrook has aroused every feeling of hatred within my heart, and I'll never rest night or day, until I bring him to justice, but first of all, I must find my sister.

Bob. Find her, where?

Daisy. Anywhere through this wide, wide world.

Bob. But Daisy—

Daisy. Oh! Bob., get out of my way.

(*pashes him into tub of water, and exit, D. F.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Garden backing and wood wings—chairs and tables for beer drinkers—lit with Japanese lanterns from L. 1 to R. U. E., and from R. 1 to L. U. E.

*Enter, JACK, R., 1 E.*

Jack. Mark Baybrook not here yet, eh? If he don't come and quickly too, he will rue the day he kept Jack Daggard waiting. He promised to be here with the money, but his promises are like the proverbial pie crust, easily broken. (*looks of L., 1 E.*) Ah! here he comes now—speak of the devil and you are sure to meet his second cousin.

*Enter, MARK, L., 1 E.*

Mark. Well, have I kept you waiting?

Jack. Yes. Did you bring the money?

Mark. Here it is, \$50. Now then Jack, to business.

(*during following speech, MARK and JACK retire down stage*)

*Enter, BOBBY, L., 1 E., as if he had been following MARK—gets down on one knee directly behind MARK and overhears conversation.*

We must get rid of that she devil Daisy.

Jack. What, is she getting dangerous, too?

Mark. Yes, she told her grandmother yesterday, that she would leave my protection, and when she returned, it would be to claim everything as her own. Now we must get rid of both of them.

Jack. That's easy enough Govenor. I'll get a pal or two—we'll put them out of the way for a trifle.

Mark. The day you rid me of that gir., I'll give you \$5000.

Jack. All right Govenor, meet me at 4½ Baxter street at 11 o'clock to-night. Remember 11 o'clock to-night. (*exit, R., 1 E.*)

Mark. I'll be there, for I must protect myself at all hazards.

(*exit, R., 1 E.*)

Bob. (*rising*) So Mark Baybrook, that's your little game is it?



Well, I'll be there too, look out for yourself Mark Baybrook, for you'll have a visitor to-night you little expect. *(exit, L., 1 E.*

*Enter, DAISY, with MARY, L. U. E.*

*Daisy.* There mother, you can sit down and rest.

*(seats her at table*

*Mary.* Oh! Daisy, to think you have to sing and dance to make a living.

*Daisy.* Never mind mother, wait till Bob. sells his book on the "Manly Art of Self Defence" and we will have lots of money.

*Mary.* If we could only get what belongs to us.

*Daisy.* Never mind mother, Bob. will be here soon, then we will go home. *(kneeling)* "Father in heaven, look down upon your suffering wife and children, and send us the means to crush this viper, who has so cruelly wronged us."

*Bob. (outside)* Daisy! Daisy!

*Enter, BOBBY, L., 1 E.—rushing in.*

I just overheard Baybrook and Daggard talking, they are to meet at 4½ Baxter street at 11 o'clock to-night, and from what I can judge, your little sister is there too.

*Daisy. (crossing to L.)* Then we must get police to help us.

*Bob.* Us! You can't go there, the place is a regular den of thieves.

*Daisy.* I don't care if it's the home of the old witch, I must find my sister.

*Enter, MARK, L., 1 E., disguised with beard and slouch hat, coming down and putting hand on DAISY'S shoulder.*

Who are you?

*Mark.* An officer of the law, and I have a warrant for your arrest.

*Bob. (rushing at him and tearing off beard)* Ah! Mark Baybrook, I know you.

*They struggle, MARK throws BOBBY to ground, he rises, struggles again, throws him off, BOBBY lands on knees in front of table.*

*Enter, DAGGARD, R., 1 E., with club—BOBBY picks knife off table and holds DAGGARD at bay.*

*Mark. (taking L. corner)* Now then to make my escape.

*DAISY on chair C. of table holding DAGGARD at bay with one revolver and MARK with the other. She has taken these revolvers from BOBBY'S coat pocket during his struggle with MARK.*

*Daisy.* Not until you tell me where to find my sister.

PICTURE—CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—Home of MEG—noise of argument heard as curtain rises  
—BOBBY disguised, seated on barrel in argument with two supers  
behind barrel.

Meg. Stop your noise, stop it I say. Do you want to bring the police down on us.

Bob. Well, I was just talking politics to my friends here. I was sayin'. if I was President of de U. S., I'd give 'em all a political office in the mornin'.

Supers. Dat's what you would.

Meg. Well, why don't you run for pre-ident.

Bob. Well, de White House ain't big enough so hold all my good qualities, see?

Supers. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Meg. Well, what did you bring home dis trip?

Bob. Nothin' but dis ring. You see de winter ain't no time for us fellows. Why, de people go around all muffled up. I ain't seed a watch chain for a week. Midsummer is de time for our business, den de blokes go around wid dere coats throwed open and dere low cut vests, den I tell you de sight of a diamond stud s temptin'. (knock at door) Who is it?

Daisy. (outside) Spotty!

Bob. Say Meg, wait till you see de kid I picked up on de bowery dis mornin'. I tell you he's a bird. (goes to door, L.) Come in Spotty.

Enter, DAISY, L. E., disguised as a dirty faced tough boy—BOBBY goes down to barrel, followed by DAISY.

Here Meg is de kid dat wants to join de "Hawks Nest."

Meg. So you wants to join de gang, eh?

Daisy. Well, dat's my motive.

Meg. Well, what kin you do?

Daisy. (L. of barrel) I can pick a pocket quicker dan a flash, I can take a diamond out of de set while de owner is lookin', and as for crackin' a crib, well, I can crawl through a key hole and out through a wire screen, see?

Meg. Well, your size is in your favor.

Daisy. (to supers, pointing at BOBBY) Say, fellers, who's de jay?

Bob. Get onto de kid.

Daisy. Say, don't get fresh now.

Bob. Why not?

Daisy. Cause I'll kick de lining out of you right here, see.

Bob. Yes you will.

Daisy. Dat's what I said. (aside to BOBBY) Have you seen Mabel yet?

Bob. (aside) No, not yet.

Daisy. (aloud) Dat'll do now.

(knock outside)

Meg. Who'se dat?

Mark. (outside) Rumbo, my dear.

Meg. (to gang) A gentleman friend come on very important business, so you dat's off duty, get into your bunks, and you dat's on for de night, why out ye gits and earn an honest dollar.

Bob. All right Meg.

(exit, L., 2 E., DAISY hides behind barrel)

Meg. (takes candle and opens door, L. E.) Come in, you'r late, I was just about to lock up for de night.

Enter, MARK and JACK, L. E.—JACK sits on barrel, MEG sits on chair R. of table, MARK stands L. of table.

Jack. Come now, none of your croaking, but answer questions. How did you find the child?

Mark. Well, why don't you speak. (MEG slaps one of her hands with the other very slowly, then holds out her hand to JACK, who looks at her, does same business, then holds out hand to MARK, who places coin in JACK'S hand, he gives it to MEG, she places it inside corset. This is done every time it is marked business) Well, how did you find the child?

Meg. Easy enough, got Bill to drive the cab, drove up to the house, Bill reached into the window, grabbed the kid, placed her in de cab and away we bolted.

Jack. Where is she now?

(business)

Meg. In dat dark room yonder. Now dat she is here, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what to do with her.

Mark. Anything, kill her if you like.

Meg. Oh! no, if de cops get a cinch on me, dey will send me ver de road. I don't want to make dis a case of Jack Kitch,

Mark. Will \$200 tempt you?

Meg. No!

Mark. Will \$300?

Meg. No!

Mark. Then dam you, I'll make it \$500.

Meg. (slowly) W-e-l-l, I'll think about it.

Jack. What's become of the mother and that she devil Daisy?

(business)

Meg. (holding out card) There's the address, I wrote it down.

(JACK and MARK both grab for it, MARK gets it)

Mark. I'll take care of that. Now Daggard, to work with a will. That girl Daisy spoiled my little game at the Roof Garden last night. She must be gotten rid of, and as for that lover of hers, I'll have the pleasure of wringing his neck one of these fine days. (aside) Now you stay here and bribe the old hag to get rid of the child, while I look after the other two. (exit, L. U. E.)

Jack. Wait a minute Govenor, and I'll light you. (takes candle) Look out for that hole in the alley, that you don't break your precious neck, (shuts door) until you pay me that \$500. (putting candle on table) There goes the dirtiest scoundrel unhung—egad, we are both in the same boat, and if the plug pulls out, we will sink together, Mark Baybrook. Well Meg, what do you think of making that \$300.

Meg. Ain't there some other way?

Jack. Not that I know of.

Meg. I know a person dat would be glad to get just such a child, den we could say she was dead.

Jack. Do you take him for a fool. He'd want proof, and devilish good proof at that. You better think it over. Give me a bunk for the night and I'll turn it.

*Meg.* All right, I'll give you a bunk near de door, den you can get out in the mornin' without wakiñ' de rest of de gang.

(*exit, JACK and MEG, R. U. E.*)

*Daisy.* (*rising from behind barrel*) Bob! Bob!

*Enter, BOBBY, L., 2 E.*

They've got my little sister locked up in that dark room.

*Bob.* Never mind, we will get her out, there is only two of us, but if they tackle us, they'll think we are a mighty tough crowd. Eh, Daisy?

*Daisy.* (*tough walk*) Dat's what dey will, Bob.

*Bob.* Why Daisy, you talk like a man.

*Daisy.* I feel like one.

(*noise outside*)

*Bob.* Somebody is coming.

(*exit, R., 1 E.*)

*Enter, MEG, R. U. E., with candle, locks door, looks behind boxes and rubbish, is locking up for the night, runs against DAISY, who is standing near the table.*

*Meg.* What are you doing here? I thought you went to bed wid the gang.

*Daisy.* I couldn't sleep, so I came out here where—

*Meg.* What's de matter, does your conscience trouble you?

*Daisy.* Perhaps.

*Meg.* (*sitting R. of table, DAISY leaning on front of table*) Say, you don't look like de rest of de gang. Got a father?

*Daisy.* No.

*Meg.* Mother?

*Daisy.* Yes, one of the best mudders that ever lived. I've got a little sister too dat I used to sing baby songs to.

*Meg.* (*soliloquizing*) I had a husband once. Perhaps if he had lived, I might have been a better woman. Say, sing me one of dem baby songs, it may put me in mind of de time when I danced my own baby on my knee, and sometimes now in de dead of night, I see dem bright eyes, de little yellow curls, and feel de little baby fingers on my cheek. A mother's heart beats just the same under rags as under velvet. Oh! when I had my own little yellow haired baby, dem was happy, happy days.

*Daisy.* Dat I will, Meg. I'll sing for you.

*DAISY sings lullaby song, MEG gradually drops asleep—exit, DAISY, R. U. E. into dark room.*

*Re-enter, DAISY, R. U. E., with child and yells.*

All right Bob!

*Meg.* (*awakening and rising*) What's this, a trick?

*Enter, BOBBY, L., 1 E.*

*Bob.* Yes, and I'll take it. (*grabs MEG, forces her back to post and ties her to it, gags her with her own bandage off of her head*) There, I guess we've got you fixed.

*Enter, Super, R., 1 E., who rushes at BOBBY, BOBBY knocks him down, bangs his head against floor.*

*Enter, DAGGARD and Super. R., 1 E., with club—MARK BAYBROOK appears at window, DAISY covers him with revolver—BOBBY covers others with revolver.*

*Bob.* Throw up your hands!

PICTURE—CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE.—Same as Act 1st.

*Mark.* Curse the luck, everything seems to be going wrong, instead of the luck I had planned for; I am allowed to breakfast on an account of a raid made on 4½ Baxter street; among those arrested was Jack Daggard. I wonder if Daisy had anything to do with it, but no, she knew nothing of my plans, why should I bother myself with her, when I have my own affairs to look after.

*Enter, SARAH, C. D.*

*Sarah.* We have been waiting breakfast for you, Mr. Baybrook.

*Mark.* You need wait no longer, I will breakfast later down town.

*Sarah.* Mr. Baybrook, did you read the account of a raid made on a den of thieves at 4½ Baxter street last night?

*Mark.* Excuse me Mrs. Garland, but I have no interest in such matters.

*Sarah.* Yes, but they say that—

*Mark.* Excuse me, but I have some very important letters to write, and wish to be alone.

*Sarah.* Mr. Baybrook, I have a favor to ask of you.

*Mark.* Well!

*Sarah.* Philip and I are old folks, the one bright ray of sunshine that brightened our hearts, has been torn away from us.

*Mark.* You mean—

*Sarah.* Daisy. You say you know where she is, then bring her back to us. Suppose this woman is nother mother. It will make no difference. Oh! Mr. Baybrook, do this for us.

*Mark.* Mrs. Garland, I have forbidden the mention of that girls name in this house, she has chosen to cast her lot with that demented creature, I should say adventuress, and she must abide by the consequences. You also forget, Mrs. Garland, that your dead son left no provision for you. I am allowing you to remain here on su fferance. Now should I hear this matter referred to again, I shall be obliged to request you to seek shelter elsewhere.

*Sarah.* See here, Mark Baybrook, you have read that lecture to Philip and the servants until they are so worked up, that they say sh—sh—every time you enter the room; be that as it may, you can't scare me. I'll speak of her when I like, and to whom I like, and when you talk of turning us out, I'll have you understand, sir! that it was our dead son's intention that we remain here, and here we intend to stick. (exit, C. D.)

*Mark.* (rises, goes to C. D.) Oh! you do, eh? Well, we will see about that. But why bother my head about an old woman. Dag-

gard is in the hands of the law, while he was at liberty, I had nothing to fear. The best thing for me now is to leave the country. (*looks at watch*) Let me see, the steamer leaves at 10:20, it is now 10 o'clock. With all of John Garland's money in my possession, I could go abroad and lead a different life. All his money lies at my disposal in the bank. I'll go and draw it out—but stay, the police may be on the alert. I'll ring for a messenger. (*rings and sits at R. of table and writes*) "Mr. L. Williams, Cashier Fourth National Bank: Enclosed, please find my check for \$20,000. Please cash same in 1000 bills, and place in package so that messenger will not suspect contents, yours truly, Mark Baybrook." (*folds letter, signs check, puts both in envelope and addresses envelope—knock outside*) Come in!

*Enter, DAISY, C. D., disguised as uniformed messenger.*

Take this letter to the cashier of the Fourth National Bank. He will give you a package, be very careful of it, and return as quickly as possible. Now be off.

*Daisy. (stuttering)* Say, Mister, it's awful hot for a fellow to run.

*Mark.* I know it, but if you hurry, I'll give you a dollar when you return.

*Daisy. (stuttering)* I say, Mr., couldn't you give me the dollar now?

*Mark.* Certainly not—be off!

*Daisy.* Say, Mr., I can run lots faster than I can talk.

*(exit, C. D.)*

*Mark.* Well I should hope so. Now to make a hasty preparation for an immediate departure, by that time the messenger will have returned.

*(exit, L. E.)*

*Enter, DAISY, C. D.*

*Daisy.* So Mark Baybrook, that's your little game, is it? You are the coolest villain I ever saw; \$20,000 of my money. Well, it couldn't have fallen into better hands. That was a neat piece of work Bobby and I did last night. Bob is a regular trump. I didn't think he had half as much nerve. Well, I'll have Bob keep an eye on him, while I go after my mother and little sister. Look out for yourself Mark Baybrook, the guns are loaded, and when the explosion takes place, it will shake the foundation of your little scheme to the bottom.

*(exit, C. D.)*

*Enter, MARK, L. E., with coat, hat and valise.*

*Mark.* I wonder what keeps that boy, could he have suspected the contents of that package and made off with it? But no, how could he—bah! I'm getting as nervous as an old woman. As I walk along the street, the snapping of a twig or the rustling of a leaf frightens me. At night as I sit in my room, my light seems to grow dim and shadowy figures appear before me, among them I can see the face and form of John Garland, with outstretched hand pointing at me, saying, "you—you are my murderer." It's air I want, I'll wait for the boy on the outside. That package once in my possession, I'll hail a cab, drive to the dock, and then for England.

*(goes to C. D.)*

*Enter, BOBBY, C. D., interrupting MARK'S exit.*

*Bob.* Going far?

*Mark.* Stand aside.

*Bob.* I'd rather stand inside.

*Mark.* I thought I told you the next time you came here, I'd pitch you through the window.

*Bob.* What's the matter with the door?

*Mark.* What do you want?

*Bob.* You.

*Mark.* Me!

*Bob.* Yes, you, and I mean business.

*Mark.* Well, state your business and be gone. I have no time for trifling.

*Bob.* Come, sit down, I want to tell you a story. Sit down!  
(*both sit at table—MARK L., BOBBY R.*) There was a raid made on a den of thieves at 4½ Baxter street last night, among those arrested was one Jack Daggard.

*Mark.* Well, what is all this to me?

*Bob.* Oh! nothing, only old Meg has squealed, that you bribed her to kill the child.

*Mark.* (*rising*) It's a lie!

*Bob.* Come, come now, sit down.

*Mark.* The child is dead?

*Bob.* Oh! no, she is not, she is safe within her mother's arms at this moment. Now, when we get through with Daggard, we propose to squeeze you.

*Mark.* You mean by that, you have run me to earth.

(*both rising*)

*Bob.* Exactly!

*Mark.* Then by heaven, you'll have to fright the fox in his den.

*Bob.* That's what I mean to do.

*Mark.* (*drawing bowie knife*) Here is my weapon.

*Bob.* And here is mine, a pair of fives and a well trained muscle.

*Mark.* Curse you, take that.

*Lunges at him with knife, BOBBY knocks it out of hand and hits him on the head with fist.*

*Bob.* And you take that, and that, and that. (*goes to C. D.*)  
Come in folks. (*to MARK*) We have an officer to take charge of you.

*Enter, PHILIP and SARAH, C. D., both take R. corner.*

*Mark.* (*staggering to and sitting in chair L. of table*) What charge can you lay at my door?

*Bob.* Robbery.

*Mark.* But you have no proof.

*Bob.* How about the messenger you sent to the Fourth National Bank to cash that check.

*Mark.* I sent no such messenger on any such errand.

*Enter, DAISY, C. D.*

*Daisy.* Oh! yes you did, and I've just returned with the money.

*Mark.* (*aside*) Daisy, the devil!

*Sarah.* Oh! Daisy, for heaven's sake, go and take off those trousers.

*Mark.* Daisy, hand over that money, you have no right to a single penny of it until you become of age.

*Daisy.* Then we will pretend this is my 18th birthday, and I'll step into my rights now, and you shall answer for the murder of my father, for it was you who cut that rope.

*Mark.* Where are your witnesses?

*Enter, JACK, C. D., with policeman.*

*Jack.* Here we are, Govenor.

*Mark.* Daggard!

*Jack.* Well, I should say so. You see I got collared, and in order to save you the trouble, and myself the full penalty of the law, I turned states evidence. Now, if you had got in your work first, I might have been hung.

*Mark.* So you've turned traitor, eh! Well, what have you confessed?

*Jack.* That the papers by which you gained possession of the Garland estate, were forged by you for that purpose.

*Mark.* It's a lie.

*Jack.* Not at all Govenor, for I preserved them for this auspicious occasion. (*shows papers*)

*Daisy.* And Daggard also asserts that it was you who murdered my father.

*Mark.* It's a lie, I deny it.

*Jack.* You can't deny it, you borrowed my knife, I watched while you did the job. Mark Baybrook, you cut that rope!

*Enter, MARY, L. E.*

*Mary.* Heaven's hand is raised against you, do not seek to stay it's justice.

*Mark.* And who is this woman?

*Daisy.* Mrs. Mary Garland, and my mother. There is an officer at the door waiting to take you to jail.

*Bob.* Yes, there's one at the front door and one at each side door, you can take your choice.

*Philip.* (*handing MARK Police Gazette*) Here young man, take this with you, and learn the error of your ways.

*Mark.* Oh! go to the devil. Bob, you have won a wife and I am sorry, Oh! so sorry that my aristocratic presence can't be with you at the wedding.

*Bob.* Well we are not, (*taps him on shoulder*) sneak!

*Daisy.* (*same business*) Sneak!

*Officer.* (*same business*) Sneak!

*Mark.* I hand in my checks and laugh at you all.

(*laughs and exit, with officer, C. D.*)

*Jack.* His checks! well, I'd hate to cash them. Say, Miss, if you let me off, I'll tell all I know. They might give me ten years.

*Daisy.* Well, your constitution is strong enough to stand that, (*same business*) sneak!

*Bob.* (*same business*) Sneak!

*Jack.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

(*exit, C. D.*)



*Mary.* And we owe most of this to our true friend Bob.

*Daisy.* Yes mother, and he wants to ask you a question.

*Bob.* Oh! no I don't, no I don't.

*Daisy.* Yes he does mother, he wants to marry me.

*Mary.* Take her Bob, and my blessing go with you.

*Bob.* See here Daisy, remember one thing, when we are married, I am the only one that wears these things. (*takes hold of his trousers*) And when we are seated around our own fireside, we will tell our children all we went through.

*Daisy.* And foiled two villains, because we were sweethearts that were true to the core.

## CURTAIN.

### THE END

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Philip Garland—Mrs. Garland's misgivings—Mark Baybrook, Daisy's guardian—Mark Baybrook lectures Daisy, and her opinion of her guardian—Daisy's description of her ride—"I'm no milk and water girl"—"Curse that girl, I wish she was out of the way"—"Grandma, he's a cross old bear"—Daisy and the lost child—"Grandma, you couldn't help loving her, she is the sweetest little thing"—Grandpa takes sides with Daisy—Grandpa and the Police Gazette—"Poor old sinner"—Bobby overhears Daisy's description of himself—Song—Daisy and her beau, Bobby—Mr. Baybrook's opinion of Bobby—Arrival of Jack Daggard, an old pal of Baybrook's—Daisy runs against Daggard, who tells her of her father's death—Mark Baybrook's dismay, on discovering Daggard—" \$2,500 for my silence. I know enough to hang you Mark Baybrook"—Arrival of Mary Garland, in search of the lost child—Baybrook accepts Daggard's terms—Baybrook and Daggard disown all knowledge of Mrs. Garland—"Officer, arrest that woman, she is mad"—Daisy interferes—"In the name of my dead father, I forbid you to touch her."

ACT II.—Home of Mary Garland—Daisy and her mother—Bobby brings good news—Bobby a dandy in the kitchen—The proposal—The stolen child—Bob and Daisy in search of Mabel.

ACT III.—Roof Garden scene—Daggard waiting for Baybrook—Bobby overhears Baybrook and Daggard's plan to get rid of Daisy—"You'll have a visitor to-night you little expect"—Daisy and her mother, the prayer—Attempted arrest of Daisy, frustrated by Bobby, who tears the disguise off of Baybrook—"You'd not escape until you tell me where to find my little sister."

ACT IV.—The den of old Meg—Bobby disguised as one of the gang—Arrival of Daisy, disguised, she joins the gang of old Meg, in search of Mabel—The compact between old Meg and Baybrook—The lullaby song—Rescue of Mabel, by Bobby and Daisy.

ACT V.—Mark Baybrook and grandma Garland—"We will stay right here"—Arrest of old Meg and Daggard, who turn state evidence—Baybrook decides to take Daisy's fortune and leave the country—Daisy as Messenger boy—Bobby and Baybrook meet—Bobby comes off victorious—Arrest of Baybrook—The forged papers—"You cut the rope and killed my father"—"Sneak, sneak, sneak"—"Daisy, when we are married, remember I am the only one who will wear trousers."

# Daisy ✦ Garland's

## ✦ Fortune. ✦

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EDWIN A. DAVIS.

---

The cast contains soubrette lead, juvenile, straight old woman, character hag, light comedy, straight old man and genteel heavy. Costumes modern.

This play is suited to amateurs, as it is easy to produce, yet heavy enough for a first class company.

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### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Philip Garland—Mrs. Garland's misgivings—Mark Baybrook, Daisy's guardian—Mark Baybrook lectures Daisy, and her opinion of her guardian—Daisy's description of her ride—"I'm no milk and water girl"—"Curse that girl, I wish she was out of the way"—"Grandma, he's a cross old bear"—Daisy and the lost child—"Grandma, you couldn't help loving her, she is the sweetest little thing"—Grandpa takes sides with Daisy—Grandpa and the Police Gazette—"Poor old sinner"—Bobby overhears Daisy's description of himself—Song—Daisy and her beau, Bobby—Mr. Baybrook's opinion of Bobby—Arrival of Jack Daggard, an old pal of Baybrook's—Daisy runs against Daggard, who tells her of her father's death—Mark Baybrook's dismay, on discovering Daggard—" \$2,500 for my silence. I know enough to hang you Mark Baybrook"—Arrival of Mary Garland, in search of the lost child—Baybrook accepts Daggard's terms—Baybrook and Daggard disown all knowledge of Mrs. Garland—"Officer, arrest that woman, she is mad"—Daisy interferes—"In the name of my dead father, I forbid you to touch her."

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**Price 25cts.**

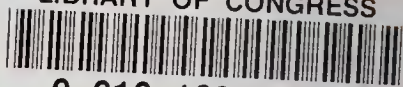
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## Badly Mixed.

A Farce in 1 act, by Bert Rawley, 2 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time 15 minutes. A roaring little farce, which will give satisfaction to all.

# Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.	M. F.	NO.	M. F.
<b>Comedies Continued.</b>			
136	5 3	19	4 3
168	7 3	220	3 0
124	7 5	188	3 0
257	7 3	42	1 1
248	6 4	148	3 1
178	5 3	218	4 0
176	6 3	224	2 1
207	8 3	233	2 1
199	4 3	154	4 2
174	3 3	184	0 1
158	1 1	274	5 2
149	7 6	209	5 3
37	6 5	13	3 3
237	6 3	307	4 3
338	6 4	66	3 1
126	8 6	271	5 0
265	5 3	116	4 2
114	8 4	120	1 1
264	4 3	50	1 3
219	4 1	140	1 1
239	3 2	74	4 2
221	14 2	35	5 2
262	7 3	247	1 2
87	3 2	95	5 3
131	4 2	305	3 2
240	2 0	99	3 2
<b>TRAGEDIES.</b>			
16	6 3	11	5 3
<b>FARCES &amp; COMEDIETTAS.</b>			
129	2 1	323	4 3
132	1 1	99	4 3
316	3 3	82	1 1
289	5 0	182	1 3
12	3 2	127	2 2
303	2 3	228	3 0
166	4 6	302	3 2
30	7 5	106	3 0
169	2 4	288	5 3
286	4 2	139	1 1
80	4 3	231	2 2
320	3 3	235	4 3
78	3 3	69	6 1
313	2 2	23	4 3
31	4 2	208	4 4
21	3 3	212	4 3
123	3 1	32	4 4
20	3 2	186	0 1
329	5 4	273	3 3
324	5 1	296	5 2
175	2 2	259	5 2
8	5 2	340	5 3
86	4 2	334	3 2
22	3 3	44	1 2
84	3 0	33	3 2
287	1 1	57	5 2
225	4 4	217	4 1
317	5 3	165	6 3
249	9 1	195	2 3
49	1 1	159	4 4
72	5 1	171	4 3
		180	2 0
		267	2 0
		309	5 4
		48	1 1



# Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F.	NO.		M.	F.
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	214	Chops.....	3	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	190	Crimps Trip.....	5	0
327	Strictly Temperance.....	2	2	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0	103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1
1	Slasher and Crasher.....	5	2	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3	3	236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2	2	319	In For It.....	3	1
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1	47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0
328	The Landlords Revenge.....	3		77	Joe's Vis t.....	2	1
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
315	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2	256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	244	Old Clothes.....	3	0
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
285	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2	246	Othello.....	4	1
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
295	The Spellin' Skewl.....	7	6	297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2	0
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday..	4	2	258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention	5	0
292	Tim Flannigan.....	5	0	177	Quarrel-some Servants.....	3	0
142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
276	The Printer and His Devils..	3	1	107	School.....	5	0
263	Trials of a Country Editor....	6	2	133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
7	The Wonderful Telephone....	3	1	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
281	Two Annt Emily.....	0	8	94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
312	Uncle Ethan.....	4	3	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
269	Unjust Justice.....	6	2	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
3 2	Which is Which.....	3	3	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1	64	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
56	Wooing Under Difficulties....	5	3	253	The Best Cure.....	4	1
70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8	282	The Intelligence Office.....	3	0
135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5	122	The Select School.....	5	0
147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2	118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
155	Why they Joined the Re- becca.....	0	4	6	The Studio.....	3	0
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
157	Ya kee Peddler.....	7	3	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
				4	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
				197	Tricks.....	5	2
				198	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
				216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
				206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
				210	Virginia Mummy.....	6	1
				203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	1
				205	William Tell.....	4	0
				156	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
					Happy Franks Songter.....		

## ETHIOPIAN FARCES.

204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
325	A Coincidence.....	8	0
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1
15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
98	Black Statue.....	4	2
222	Colored Senators.....	3	0

## TABLEAUX.

250	Festival of Days.....		
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## PANTOMIME.

260	Cousin John's Album.....		
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## GUIDE BOOKS.

17	Hints on Elocution.....		
130	Hints to Amateurs.....		

## CANTATA.

215	On to Victory.....	4	6
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